

# The Pocahontas Times.

If thou would'st read a lesson that will keep Thy heart from fainting and thy soul from sleep, Go to the woods and hills.—Longfellow.

Marlinton, Pocahontas County, West Virginia August 4, 1904.

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DR. O. J. CAMPBELL,  
Dentist,  
MONTEREY, VA.  
Will visit Pocahontas county at  
least twice a year. The exact date  
of his visit will appear in this  
paper.

DR. ERNEST B. HILL,  
DENTIST,  
Graduate University of Maryland.  
Dentistry practiced in all its bran-  
ches,  
Office in 1st Nat. Bank Bldg. 2nd floor.

G. W. DUNCAN,  
Practical Land Surveyor,  
1st Nat. Bldg. Marlinton, W. Va.  
All calls by phone and mail  
promptly answered.

West Virginia Citizens Trust and  
Guarantee Company

This company will furnish bonds  
of all county, state and municipal  
officers; fiduciary bonds, such as  
administrators, guardians, etc.;  
junction bonds; bank officials,  
agents, indemnifying bonds, in-  
surance bonds of all kinds; stock  
contracts; bonds, treasurers, etc.

Fortune.  
"Master of human destinies am I  
Fame, love and fortune on my foot-  
steps wait.  
Cities and fields I walk; I penetrate  
Drearies and seas remote, and passing  
by  
Erevel and mart and palace—soon or  
late  
I knock unbidden once at every gate.  
If sleeping, wake—if feasting, rise  
before  
I turn away. It is the hour of fate,  
And they who follow me reach every  
state  
Mortals desire, and conquer every foe  
Save death; but those who doubt and  
hesitate,  
Condemned to failure, penury and  
woe.  
Seek me in vain, and uselessly implore;  
I answer not, and I return no more!"

COUNTY SKETCHES.

The Politicians.  
The Wauchope primaries were  
coming on and the post of dele-  
gates to the House of Representa-  
tives was being contested by  
two able citizens, Saul Parsons  
and Bill Benson.

Some months prior the diplo-  
matic agent of a big railway com-  
pany had appeared on the scene  
anxious that Wauchope county  
should have a good representative  
in the coming session. He want-  
ed a man who would not go  
around talking up what did not  
lay down. There had been some  
intimation that his certain railway  
was not bearing its fair share of  
taxation, and in case the question  
was raised, he wanted a man he  
could rely on to give fair treat-  
ment. He had picked on Par-  
sons as a desirable candidate for  
that honor and had induced him  
to run for the office, and was  
putting up expenses.

Benson as the time approached  
for the nominating primary ob-  
served that Parsons had no oppo-  
sition and remarked to his friends:  
"I think this is my time to run.  
If I can't beat that drunkard, I  
will leave the county. Why,  
he'll get full as a goat before  
election—see if he don't!"

Benson thereupon announced  
that he would ask for the support  
of his friends, having yielded to  
the requests of many to run for  
the office.

Parsons was very much relieved  
when he learned the name of his  
opponents. "Why he's nothing  
but a common sot!" he said.  
"All I have got to do is get him  
good and drunk and turn him out  
on the town common and he'll  
raise Cain, and then, I'll be  
elected!"

Parsons had a real estate office  
at the county seat and Benson  
was a farmer from Crooked Creek.  
As the primary drew near it was  
observed that both remained on  
their good behavior. They had  
out whiskey and their faces  
had toned down in color and their  
eyes looked brighter.

They each nursed the same  
dark and desperate scheme in  
secret. It was a deep laid plot  
worthy of the most astute politi-  
cian. It was to get the other man  
drunk and butcher him to make a  
Roman holiday. Each had the  
means entombed in the village  
express office.

In less than a week before the  
primary they met at the county  
seat and Benson responded an  
invitation to visit Parsons at his  
office. After they had talked  
over the contest in the friendliest  
way, Parsons sent his darkey for  
the jug at the express office and  
one of the most remarkable drink-  
ing bouts in the history of the  
town began. It had continued  
into the next day when the pres-  
ent member of the house Dan  
Boggs who also bowed down and  
worshipped at the altar of Boozie  
remarked that it was a shame that  
his successor in office should be  
allowed to humiliate himself,  
in that way. One of those  
poor unfortunate men would  
succeed him. Whichever it was  
would have a large strain on his  
scutecheon.

There could be no doubt about  
that for strange sounds came from  
that office. Sounds of loud dis-  
course, fights, friendly wrestling  
bouts, falling furniture, and even  
mandolin lamentations, were to be  
heard by the group of neighbors  
who lingered near.

The darkey Jim would ever and  
anon carry in some more fresh  
sardines, and he had lifted all the  
whiskey from the express office.

Dan Boggs went in to bring  
the orgy to an end and stayed to  
carouse with them. After that  
the sounds from the office grew  
fiercer, but in time died away,  
and the town sergeant looked in  
to see Dan Boggs peacefully  
sleeping in the wood-box. Par-  
sons and Benson lay on the floor.  
The darkey sat propped up in a  
corner. The furniture was scat-  
tered over the room. The table  
lay on its side and the book case  
had fallen face downwards. The  
stove was overturned and soot,  
paper and sardine tins were  
strewn about the floor. The par-  
ticipants were showing in con-  
fusion.

Then the practical joker of the  
village got in his work. He pre-  
pared a notice and posted it on  
the side of the building and un-  
derneath placed a cigar box with  
a slit in the top. The advertise-  
ment read:

Great Exhibition,  
3 Legislative Freaks 3  
Come in and see them Wallow,  
Chimpanzee Jim,  
Almost Human  
All for 5 cents,  
Drop a Nickel in the Slot and  
Walk In.

As the birds began to sing  
next morning Benson waked  
from his drunken slumbers and  
arose with a forty ton burden on  
his spirits. He roused up his  
sleeping companions. "How do  
you feel?" was the salutation.  
Dan Boggs said that he would  
answer in the words of General  
Jubal Early: "I feel like hell,  
as every gentleman should feel  
in the morning."

They went sadly to work to get  
themselves in as good shape pos-  
sible.

Benson's head seemed to be  
splitting open with a headache.  
He stepped forth to get a breath  
of fresh air, and saw the sign  
and went into ecstasies of pro-  
fanity.

He tore the sign down and  
wrenched the cash box loose from  
the side of the house and carried  
them in.

They read the sign and counted  
the money. Ninety-four nickels  
were found in the box. Parsons  
bade the darkey take the money,  
with a curse, and the three white  
men boarded the early mountain  
train for parts unknown.

The primary was held in a few  
days and the vote for delegate  
showed Benson to have received  
a majority of three votes.

Alton Brooks Parker.  
Parker's personality, if there  
were need of driving it home to  
one word, would best be enfolded  
in the word stability.

He was born in a New York  
farmer in the Hudson River re-  
gion. His estate at Esopus is  
none the less a farm because it  
happens to be called by the es-  
tate name of Rosemont.

Parker owns two farms besides  
Rosemont. He is what his fath-  
ers were before him, a practical  
cultivator of ground and a prac-  
tical breeder of animals. When  
he stands in his farm clothes  
among his Red Poll Bulls, his  
Shropshire sheep, and his Poland  
China pigs, this chief judge of the  
State of New York is one of the  
finest living illustrations of the  
stability of temperament which  
keeps some men rooted securely  
in their ancestral environment.

The same fundamental charac-  
teristic can be observed in Par-  
ker's work as a judge. He has  
been a judge since 1885. Before  
1885 he had taken an active per-  
sonal part in local politics. Since  
1885 he has never strayed from  
the bench to the hustings. He  
has regarded himself as the agent  
of the State of New York for the  
settlement of legal controversies  
and for the maintenance of the  
science of jurisprudence. From  
this high vocation he has never  
been drawn away by any counter-  
call of political expediency or  
personal ambition. The serene  
and unexposed impartiality of  
the law could be trusted to no more  
unwavering hands.

He was only 34 when he be-  
came chairman of the State Com-  
mittee in the campaign, which  
made David B. Hill Governor.

With Hill's election his active  
political life ceased. At the close  
of the campaign the man whom  
he had helped into the State  
House helped him into the judi-  
ciary. From 1885 to the present  
time Parker has been a judge.  
Also, he has been a jurist. He  
has drawn so far away from poli-  
tics that his decisions are develop-  
ments in jurisprudence.

Nevertheless, his political  
strength has remained unattenu-  
ated. In 1897 he was nominated  
by the Democrats for the office of  
chief judge of the Court of Ap-  
peals, the highest judicial office  
in New York. In 1898 McKin-  
ley had carried New York State  
by 268,000. Parker annihilated  
this majority and created a coun-  
ter majority of 60,000. He is  
the only Democrat who has been  
elected to a State office in New  
York since 1891.

As a citizen and a jurist, Alton  
B. Parker has been upright,  
clean-minded and honorable. The  
Democratic party has done well  
in presenting to the country a can-  
didate of such personal rectitude.

Chicago Tribune.  
Winston Churchill says that  
American novelists should pay  
more attention to the study of  
politics. Any person who reads  
one of these political novels will  
agree with Churchill.

## THREE PEOPLE DROWNED

### IN KNAPPS CREEK NEAR MARLINTON.

#### A Father and Two Sons Lost Their Lives.

James Lucas, with wife and  
five children, making their way  
from Randolph County to his  
former home in Giles County,  
was drowned Friday afternoon in  
the deep pool in Knapps Creek,  
opposite the Kramer Camp while  
trying to rescue his two sons  
who were also drowning.

The little boys, aged eleven  
and thirteen years, had gone to  
bathe in the pool, which is very  
deep. The boys soon got beyond  
their depth and began to drown.  
The father went in to rescue them  
but being unable to swim, he him-  
self was soon strangling. The  
daughter also went in and it was  
difficult that she was pulled out  
by the mother.

E. H. Showalter was fishing  
some distance below the scene of  
the tragedy, and being told of it  
by the frantic women came to  
Marlinton and notified State's  
Attorney McNeil, who had the  
bodies brought to town and buried  
at the county's expense. An in-  
quest was considered unnecessary.

The family is originally from  
Giles County, but have been liv-  
ing in Randolph the past few  
years, near Huttonsville. They  
had been camped near Marlinton  
since Wednesday, and being des-  
titute had lived by begging. It  
is said that Lucas was a sufferer  
from heart disease, and this may  
account for his drowning so quick-  
ly, as the pool while deep, was  
narrow. He was about sixty  
years of age. A wife, a grown  
daughter and two small children  
are left.

Railway Survey Completed.  
The engineer corps which start-  
ed from Siltition on the Green-  
brier Division in the early spring,  
has disbanded, having surveyed a  
route to Gauley Bridge at the  
mouth of Gauley River, a dis-  
tance of 131 miles. The route  
goes through the Stony Creek  
Gap on a grade of 52 feet to the  
mile. The average grade over  
the whole route is about 36 feet  
to the mile. From Siltition the  
survey winds around the  
mountain crossing Clover Creek  
goes by Pogues Lane and around  
Elk mountain, through the Stony  
Creek Gap down Williams River  
and then down Gauley to its  
mouth. The corps was in the  
employ of the Wabash Railway  
who are building and buying rail-  
roads in all parts of the State,  
but as yet have no outlet to tide  
water. At present they are en-  
gaged in the construction of the  
Deep Water Railway in Southern  
West Virginia, a railway which  
traverses and will develop a  
section immeasurably rich in  
coal. The proposed outlet to  
tide water for this road is by way  
of Roanoke. The same company  
has built into Pittsburgh and owns  
a network of roads in the north-  
ern part of the State, and Balti-  
more is spoken of as the part to  
which the connecting line to the  
seaboard will be built. But the  
Baltimore route is too far a haul  
for the Deepwater as is the road  
by way of Roanoke. It is for the  
Little Kanawha and other roads  
in middle and northern West Vir-  
ginia controlled by the Wabash  
Company.

The fact that the same company  
owns the Chesapeake Western  
Railway in the Valley of Virginia  
must also be taken into consid-  
eration and that it cannot be utilized  
either the Maryland or the  
Roanoke route be taken to the  
seaboard.

The Wabash, one of the great-  
est railway systems in the world  
is owned by the Goulds and is  
now coming East with the avowed  
purpose of completing with the  
Baltimore & Ohio, the Norfolk  
& Western and Chesapeake &  
Ohio, a part of the Pennsylvania  
system controlled by the Vander-  
bilts. Heretofore the only outlet  
of the Wabash for its exports has  
been by way of the Great Lakes  
and thence down the St. Lawrence  
River.

There is one thing agreed that  
the Wabash must build to occupy  
the middle ground between the  
lines with which it proposes to  
compete, they must utilize the  
route which lies through this  
section. It affords not only a  
much shorter haul, but a great  
deal better grade than has been  
secured in any other road across  
the Alleghenias.

When the naturalized European  
got in the hands of Squire Russell  
in the hills and between the two  
worked a fine scam on the govern-  
ments of the earth, Washington  
sent out the message: "Pericardis  
alive or Russell dead!"  
"Southern Farm Magazine says:  
"Chops and tomato sauce!"  
"Rats."

It Fell Dead.  
There have been some immor-  
tal words spoken which live in  
the hearts of the American people  
but it is safe to say that the ad-  
ministration fell down on its mes-  
sage: "Pericardis alive or Russell  
dead." It was treated as hot air.  
It strove to enter the following  
class but failed to matriculate:  
"Don't give up the ship!"  
"Give me liberty or give me  
death!"  
"No one sent for tribute but mil-  
lions for defense!"  
"If any man hands down the flag,  
Shoot him on the spot!"  
"Gridley you may commence  
firing!"  
"Remember the Maine!"  
"Sink or swim, survive or perish,  
I give my hand and my heart  
to this vote!"

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## Mother's Girls. All.

Take it all in all, we are glad  
that the Vassar girl, one of the  
atheletes of that institution, re-  
vealed, when six white mice were  
turned loose on the board walk at  
Atlantic City, that the eternal  
feminine had not been trained  
and educated out of her. She  
vindicates the sex. The Vassar  
young lady, it is told, leaped the  
railing to the beach below. A  
woman in a wheeled chair, sup-  
posed too weak to walk, leaped  
out and ran up an adjacent ave-  
nue, while another weighing 250  
pounds, rolled over when she  
started to run, with fatal results  
for one of the mice. A bride on  
her honeymoon ran from her hus-  
band's side and was not found for  
hours. Doubtless there were  
many other similar incidents lost  
to the chronicle. In the general  
hysteria, for it is asserted that  
all the women screamed and acted  
just as the members of the humor-  
ists' National Association have  
time and again, said that they act  
in the presence of the traditional  
enemy of the sex. So far as we  
are informed concerning women  
and mice, it was all natural and  
all proper. We cannot, there-  
fore, join with those persons and  
papers that unite in singling out  
the Vassar graduate for special  
adverse comment, and which ask:  
"Where is the grit that modern  
education has promised to impart  
to the female mind? Will no  
amount of study of zoology and  
logic enable a girl graduate to  
confront a white mouse with calm-  
ness and decision? Panic under  
the circumstances here mentioned  
seems to show that the male curi-  
cum has not so far imparted a vi-  
rile tone to her mind."

The complaint heretofore has  
been that the higher education  
made petticoated men of the  
members of the gentler sex; that  
it unfitted them for the divinely  
appointed orbit in which their  
mothers had circled. We were  
told only recently by a learned  
college president that even high-  
school girls wish that they were  
men, and we have been assured  
time and again by other learned  
men that the new woman does  
her best to be a man and thus de-  
flect the will of her creator. There  
may be some truth, to it but we  
never have believed that there was  
enough to hurt. Our confidence  
in the daughters of their mothers,  
while it may have wavered, has  
never been shaken, and now we  
feel certain that there is no such  
peril to the race from over-educat-  
ion of our women as has been  
represented. Woman is woman  
at heart under any and all condi-  
tions, and given the proper occa-  
sion, the woman reveals herself.  
Mental and physical training may  
modify her or merely provide her  
with a veneer. She may learn to  
wear a mask with which to face  
the world, but behind the mask  
is the woman. The appearance of  
the white mice on the board walk  
at Atlantic City helps to prove it.  
The Vassar girl may have been  
able because of her mental train-  
ing to decide the more quickly on  
her course of action. Because of  
the culture of her muscles she  
may have been able to leap  
higher and farther, to alight with  
greater safety, and may have  
been more fleet of foot. But that  
was all. For the rest of it the  
woman—true woman—was re-  
vealed. Only those critics of the  
sex carp who are never satisfied.  
The same and sound observer  
does not indulge in untimely  
mid-air ironical comment. He  
sees only the refutation of those  
learned men who feared for their  
laurels and applaud. The old  
world is still right side up—  
Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

The Fifth and Last Paper On The  
Series.  
A Story of the Boxers—A War Rem-  
iniscence.

When the immense gathering  
at Zion's Hill, Sabbath July 3rd,  
1904, had dispersed, arrange-  
ments had to be made to meet an  
audience in the late afternoon at  
Doyle's Chapel. This is an  
attractive building at the entrance  
of the pass that leads from Valley  
Centre to the main Back Creek  
Valley and about five miles east-  
ward of Zion's Hill.

The surly and its occupants,  
driven part of the way by Robert  
Lightner, were at the point desig-  
nated in good season.

Here I met the new Beulah  
pastor, Rev. Mr. Reveley, and I  
found him and his people busily  
occupied in Sunday school duties.  
His reception by his congregations  
has been very cordial and he thus  
enters on his pastorate under  
charming auspices.

Among those occupied in this  
Sabbath school service was a  
Beulah Ruling Elder, Wm. Price  
Campbell. His presence re-  
minded me of a Thursday after-  
noon baptismal service at the old  
Rehoboth meeting house, forty  
five years ago, at which his vena-  
rated mother with tears devoted  
her infant boy to Christ.

The changes that have been  
taking place since that occasion  
impress me strangely, they have  
been so many and so varied, and  
are so significant of what may  
expect as God's eternal affairs  
move on in the unfolding of his  
plans and vast designs in virtue  
of which deserts are to rejoice  
and wildernesses are to blossom  
as roses and waste places made  
glad. The audience that after-  
noon was a phenomenal one and  
worthy of the best efforts avail-  
able for anyone to put forth.

Miss Maud Doyle, a grand  
daughter of Harmanus Stulting,  
presided at the organ and aided  
by others the service of sacred  
songs was uplifting. "I Need Thee  
Every Hour," "Blest Be The Tie  
That Binds" were sung with the  
spirit and the understanding by the  
earnest singers, most of whom  
were near relatives of the lamented  
lady whose memorial exercises  
they had attended in the forenoon.

The closing prayer offered by  
the young pastor whom I had just  
met for the first time in our lives  
was full to repletion with inter-  
cessions in my personal behalf  
and if it please the blessed Master  
of assemblies to bestow a tithe of  
what was asked for the better part  
of my ministerial life remains to  
be lived to the praise and glory of  
God's amazing grace and so may  
it be in my heartfelt response.

Forty-five years ago contiguous  
to the spot where this chapel  
stands was a seemingly unbroken  
expanse of virgin forest with here  
and there a cabin home.

Now when the services closed  
it was hard to realize that in the  
limits of this same forest I was  
to pass days and nights in homes  
where refinement intelligence and  
piety are the features of this rural  
arcadia most in evidence.

The families seemed to rise in  
the mornings at the voices of the  
birds and go about their home  
duties quietly and orderly as  
human clock work. At the close  
of the days, soon after the robins  
and other birds ceased reciting  
their vespers the lights went out  
and balmy sleep ruled the quiet  
hours thereafter. I take the lib-  
erty however to throw out a hint  
for the consideration of any mi-  
nisterial brother, whose good  
fortune may lead him to this charm-  
ing retreat that if he be not well  
furnished with supplies of heav-  
enly manna he will find himself  
exhausted very soon.

To me it seems phenomenal to  
notice the ferment that is going  
on in the minds of the people  
and what absorbing interest they  
take in matters pertaining to ex-  
perimental religion.

Personally I was impressed  
with the opinion that at this junct-  
ure the Christian workers in this  
community at large, might be  
qualified to speak a word very  
much in season, by a prayerfully  
special study of the parable about  
the two men that went up to the  
Temple to pray.

The point as I see it made by  
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## IN HIGHLAND COUNTY.

### The Fifth and Last Paper On The Series.

#### A Story of the Boxers—A War Reminiscence.

When the immense gathering  
at Zion's Hill, Sabbath July 3rd,  
1904, had dispersed, arrange-  
ments had to be made to meet an  
audience in the late afternoon at  
Doyle's Chapel. This is an  
attractive building at the entrance  
of the pass that leads from Valley  
Centre to the main Back Creek  
Valley and about five miles east-  
ward of Zion's Hill.

The surly and its occupants,  
driven part of the way by Robert  
Lightner, were at the point desig-  
nated in good season.

Here I met the new Beulah  
pastor, Rev. Mr. Reveley, and I  
found him and his people busily  
occupied in Sunday school duties.  
His reception by his congregations  
has been very cordial and he thus  
enters on his pastorate under  
charming auspices.

Among those occupied in this  
Sabbath school service was a  
Beulah Ruling Elder, Wm. Price  
Campbell. His presence re-  
minded me of a Thursday after-  
noon baptismal service at the old  
Rehoboth meeting house, forty  
five years ago, at which his vena-  
rated mother with tears devoted  
her infant boy to Christ.

The changes that have been  
taking place since that occasion  
impress me strangely, they have  
been so many and so varied, and  
are so significant of what may  
expect as God's eternal affairs  
move on in the unfolding of his  
plans and vast designs in virtue  
of which deserts are to rejoice  
and wildernesses are to blossom  
as roses and waste places made  
glad. The audience that after-  
noon was a phenomenal one and  
worthy of the best efforts avail-  
able for anyone to put forth.

Miss Maud Doyle, a grand  
daughter of Harmanus Stulting,  
presided at the organ and aided  
by others the service of sacred  
songs was uplifting. "I Need Thee  
Every Hour," "Blest Be The Tie  
That Binds" were sung with the  
spirit and the understanding by the  
earnest singers, most of whom  
were near relatives of the lamented  
lady whose memorial exercises  
they had attended in the forenoon.

The closing prayer offered by  
the young pastor whom I had just  
met for the first time in our lives  
was full to repletion with inter-  
cessions in my personal behalf  
and if it please the blessed Master  
of assemblies to bestow a tithe of  
what was asked for the better part  
of my ministerial life remains to  
be lived to the praise and glory of  
God's amazing grace and so may  
it be in my heartfelt response.

Forty-five years ago contiguous  
to the spot where this chapel  
stands was a seemingly unbroken  
expanse of virgin forest with here  
and there a cabin home.

Now when the services closed  
it was hard to realize that in the  
limits of this same forest I was  
to pass days and nights in homes  
where refinement intelligence and  
piety are the features of this rural  
arcadia most in evidence.

The families seemed to rise in  
the mornings at the voices of the  
birds and go about their home  
duties quietly and orderly as  
human clock work. At the close  
of the days, soon after the robins  
and other birds ceased reciting  
their vespers the lights went out  
and balmy sleep ruled the quiet  
hours thereafter. I take the lib-  
erty however to throw out a hint  
for the consideration of any mi-  
nisterial brother, whose good  
fortune may lead him to this charm-  
ing retreat that if he be not well  
furnished with supplies of heav-  
enly manna he will find himself  
exhausted very soon.

To me it seems phenomenal to  
notice the ferment that is going  
on in the minds of the people  
and what absorbing interest they  
take in matters pertaining to ex-  
perimental religion.

Personally I was impressed  
with the opinion that at this junct-  
ure the Christian workers in this  
community at large, might be  
qualified to speak a word very  
much in season, by a prayerfully  
special study of the parable about  
the two men that went up to the  
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## relict n of Jesus, and the religion

### of self or more correctly perhaps

#### the religion of the Prince of this

age or period in human affairs.  
Among the interesting young  
persons whose beautiful and  
happy homes are in this valley,  
is Miss Eugie M. Doyle a distin-  
guished pupil of the L. F. I. hav-  
ing lately received a gold medal  
for proficiency in composition.  
The mothers of Misses Maud and  
Eugenia Doyle, are sisters of Mrs.  
Absalom Sydenstricker of the  
China mission. In their homes  
are souvenirs of the absent sister.  
Lura Doyle aged eight or nine  
years is quite enthused on the